THE HOUSE OF BROKEN SWORDS

By William Hervey Woods.

("The Prayer of Beaten Men.")
We are the fallen, who, with helpless
faces

Low in the dust, in stiffening ruin lay,

Felt the hoofs beat, and heard the rattling traces

As o'er us drove the charlots of the fray.

"We are the fallen, who by ramparts gory,

Awaiting death, heard the far shouts begin,

And with our last glance glimpsed the victor's glory

For which we died, but dying might not win.

"We were but men. Always our eyes were holden,

We could not read the dark that walled us round, Nor deem our futile plans with thine

Nor deem our futile plans with thine enfolden—

We fought, not knowing God was on the ground.

"Give us our own; and though in realms eternal"

The potsherd and the pot, belike, are one,

Make our old world to know that with supernal

Powers we were matched, and by the stars o'er thrown.

"Aye, grant our ears to hear the foolish praising

Of men-old voices of our lost home-land,

Or else, the gateways of this dim world raising, Give us our swords again, and hold

thy hand."

From the Poem, "The House of Broken Swords."—Scribner's Maga-

The Awakening.

By Adela Louise Kimball.

When Bretton was first ushered into her presence Harriet nodded carelessly, then turned and gazed at him in an open surprise and displeasure; yet she could not have defined just what it was which caused the sudden hostility.

He stood before her, tall and alert, his fine head thrown back and eyes meeting hers in a clear, unfinching scruting.

"I am George Bretton," he explained in a low, decisive voice: "foreman of the Clayville mills. My business is with Mr. Dresley.

Harriet could not have called the tone aggressive, yet its intonation and open disregard of the barrier which she saw between them caused her to straighten her shoulders and regard him with an added aloofness.

"Mr. Caxton attends to the business of the mills," she said coldly. "I

The hot blood of resentment flew to Bretton's -cheek and his eyes flashed with a glint of anger.

"I must insist upon seeing Mr. H. C. Dresley; it is of the utmost im-

Harriet laughed in derision. "You insist!" she retorted. "I am H. C. Dresley, but it is really too hot to

"You!" His tone was harsh and full of scorn. His quick gaze swept the elaborate faultlessness of her costume and the rare, exquisite loveliness of her face. "You!" he went on, "and the lives of over 2000 are in the hands of ——" He broke off

sharply and turned aside.
"Yes!" she flashed back quickly.
"Go on!"

"Of a thoughtless, self-loving woman." His face was stern and their ayes met as the claships of steel. Harriet drew a sharp breath, there er gaze wavered and fell. A ength she turned and motioned him a chair. "Please go on," she samore gently, "what have you to say?

He did not move from his placnear the door, but leaned a little forward toward her, his face lighting with a flash of eagerness.

"Do you know the conditions in Clayville, of the cold and desolation, the hunger and scanty wages, or of the inadequate, rotting buildings? Do you, their owner, know anything of this?"

Her face had grown pale and she paced the length of the room, then slowly turned to him.

"No," she said through tightening lips, "the mills are paying."

"Paying!" he tossed back. "Yes, the mills are paying, but they pay with the lives of children and the food of women."

She faced him with wide, indignant eyes. "What do you mean? How dare you say such things to me?"

"How dare you not know them?" he taunted. "Come with me to Clayville and see what I mean."

Harriet's face flamed and she wondered why she did not at once dismiss him, but the man's sturdy strength dominated her even while she resented his attitude. She had opened her lips to utter a sharp rebuke, but Bretton's words carried a conviction which was filling her with a steady, overwhelming dread, and when she spoke it was in a low, repressed tone.

"I will go with you to Clayville," she said, marveling at her own words. She spoke as one who is moved by great, alien forces and realized that it was the man's dominating will which over-powered her rather than the horrors of which he told.

A few hours later she found herself following him through squalid disorder and saw as in some tormenting dream the swarm of suilen, dissatisfied faces which peered into her own. At last, when he had led her to his office, she turned to him with troubled, remorseful eyes.

"I did not know," she faltered.

His face retained its sternness
and the hard lines did not relax.

"You should have known," he re-

She was looking at him with a new, attentive scrutiny, searching his face with grave, penetrating eyes. There were deep lines about his mouth, and above the square, forceful chin his eyes shot forth a steady, strengthening candor.

"What can I do?" she asked at

"What are you willing to do?"
She thought for a moment, then
her face settled into new, determined

"Everything," she declared. An undercurrent of excitement quivered in her voice.

"You mean it?" he cried. "New, clean buildings, higher wages, adequate machinery? You really mean—everything?"

For an instant they faced each other; the challenge and hostility was slowly being replaced by a long, steady look of understanding.

As the months passed she entered into his plans with an eager zest. She became dominated by the spirit of his forcefulness, and at length when the work was completed and Harriet went with him over the mills, she experienced a new, strange sense

When she and Bretton stood together upon the platform and faced the train which was to carry her from Clayville. Harriet knew that the world to which she returned and the luxuries which must surround her would take on new meanings, for she had seen the toil from which they

Bretton bent above her hand, and his attitude held a new, shy deference which set strangely upon him.

Ward the life which lay before her with its element, of frivolity, and she shrank back against him, her grasp tightening upon his hand. Some retails bank ton Times.

uick, incredulous cry from Bretton's ps and he bent to search her face. "Harriet!" He spoke in a low, ushed tone, then turned away with sharp, uncertain breath.

But her eyes were upon him, soft nd radiant, her hands were left in its, drawing him back with a gentle, insistent pressure. He caught hem tightly and spoke in a half epressed eagerness.

"There is much work to be done et, Harriet, can it be that we shall to it-together?"

"Always together," she assented joyously, and they moved forward toward the mills.—Boston Post.

Rat Clubs in Indiana.

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture will be rejoiced to hear that the farmers of Warwick County, Ind., are forming rat clubs. The anti-rat movement is in line with a suggestion made by the Secretary some months ago. The scientists and statisticians of the department have been figuring on the damage caused by rats. They have discovered that a good deal of the surplus products of this country which should go to the enhancement of general prosperity is being eaten by rats.

The Warwick County farmers are organizing rat clubs in every county. They say every township is overrun by the pests. They purpose to make it unhealthy for rats in Warwick County from this time forward. They are polishing up their trusty shotgun3 and accumulating a large stock of well seasoned hickory sticks. Armed with these reliable weapons and well supplied with dogs, they are to meet in forces of from fifty to one hundred where rats are most numerous. Then they are to proceed to business. With a succession of such ratkillings they believe they will be able to rid the county of rats in a year's time.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Turpentine and Forests.

You do not know the turpentine tappers, but if you come to Florida you will scon find them out. It is a curious business that will deliberately destroy all the forests of a half dozen states for a little immediate gain; and still more curious is the lassitude that allows the destruction to go on. The French have a method of tapping trees which gives a profitable return and leaves the trees practically uninjured. In this way an industry is perpetuated, but our American tapping is another thing.

The trees are cut with a broad ax, hewing out great slices and leaving scars from which the resin flows into boxes at the bottom of the cut and is scraped once a month into casks. The cut is repeated each year, and in six or seven years the tree is exhausted. So go great forests of pine that stand eighty to one hundred feet high, leaving us thousands of acres of standing lumber which will be cut down by portable sawmills. The end of it all is a haggard waste.—E. P. Powell, in Outing.

"Famous stage tenors have been recruited from nearly all walks of life. Among those who attained great favor we find a farmer, blacksmith, cab driver, physician, shoemaker, merchant, man of leisure, etc. The list may be extended to include a monk.

While German meat is subjected to antemortem and post-mortem examination by Government inspectors, every piece of meat approved being stamped, the authorities exercise no control over the methods employed by the meat preparing establishments.

Show Character.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved sideboard."

What is one man's meat is another man's bankruptey, avers the Washing-

WORTH QUOTING

It is so difficult to locate the man higher up. He is as elusive as if he were riding the tail of the comet, insists the Atlanta Constitution.

After looping five hundred buttons on his wife's dress, a man feels like a qualified delegate to a hookworm conference, puns the Atlanta Constitution.

A lawyer received \$775,000 for legal work preliminary to the formation of a merger, yet in all probability another lawyer, prophesies the Philadelphia Ledger, for a less fee, will try to demonstrate that it was not legal at all.

The great rise in real estate values in Chicago may be accounted for, suggests the Louisville Courier Journal, upon the theory that a rush is being made to invest in something that a pickpocket cannot deprive the owner of while he is glancing over his newspaper.

South Africa has a "brand new" national anthem, announces the New York Tribune. The country endeavored for some time to secure a composition suitable for that purpose, and out of 150 compositions the work of Berthold Kapolowitz was chosen, and the citizens of Johannesburg had the first opportunity of hearing it performed after it had been formally accepted. The composer is not a professional musician. He is a civil engineer.

Thinks the New Haven Register: It is hard to believe it, but if Canadian official statistics are to be relied upon the movement from the United States into the western provinces of Canada for the last eight months is the most heavily financial hegira in the world's history. A total of 71,988 settlers crossed the border in that period, every man, woman and child bringing into the Dominion, it is estimated, an average of \$1,000 cash and property. This is an increase of 68 per cent over the figures of the previous year.

The notion that women teachers and girl schoolmates weaken a boy's character and vigor and manliness is based on an entirely superficial and erroneous idea as to the outward indications of these qualities, submits the New York Press. The fact that a boy is polite, well bred, does not swear like a trooper-in short, is not a confounded nuisance to every grown-up in his immediate neighborhood-is no argument against his manliness. A man is never more manly than when his heart has been captured by a woman. There is just as much reason for believing that association with sweethearts and wives is disastrous to manliness as that feminine companionship and control during school days has such an effect. The real sissy is born, not made. He is a product of nature, not of education and environment.

The obsession of the extraordinary is responsible for some queer newspaper claims on our attention nowadays, remarks the New York Evening Post. Only the other day, a New York morning paper gave the first place on its first page to an account of the sentencing of eight Italian counterfeiters, under a "scare head" which read: "150 Years In All for the Lupo Gang." What possible significance such statistics can have we must leave to be described by the persons to whom they appeal-they are too deep for us to fathom. But inasmuch as they must mean something to somebody, why not, with the help of a little arithmetic, make them even more impressive? Why not, in the case of these eight Italians, convey the startling information that 16 eyes, 16 ears, 16 noses, 16 arms, 16 legs, and 80 toes have been sentenced to jail 54,785 days, or 1,314,840 hours or 78,890,400 minutes?